flew a pilot jack there, and off Point Lynus picked up a pilot. "Well, pilot, what's the news?" said Ket-

tle, as the man of narrow waters swung himself up onto the bridge.

"You are," said the pilot. "The papers are just full of you, captain, all of them, from the Shipping Telegraph to the London Times. The Cunard boat brought in

the yarn. A pilot out of my schooner took

"How do they spell the name? Cuttle?"

"Well, I think it's 'Kattle' mostly, though one paper has it 'Kelly.'
"Curse their cheek!" said the little sailor,

"Starboard a point," said the pilot, and

turred to Kettle with some amusement.
"They don't seem to have done you much

harm this journey, captain. They've made the country just ring with you and this old packet. Why, they're getting up subscrip-

tions for you all round."
"I'm not a blessed mendicant," said Kettle, stiffly. He walked to the other end of the bridge, and stood there chewing sav-

agely at the butt of his cigar.
"Rum bloke," commented the pilot to himself, though aloud he offered no com-

ment. Still the pilot was right in saying that England was ringing with the news of Kettle's feat. The passengers of the Cu-

narder, with nothing much else to interest them, had come home thrilled and tingling with it. A smart New Yorker had got a

"scoop" by slipping ashore at Queenstown and cabling a lavish account to the Amer-ican press, so that the first news reached

London from the states. Parliament was not sitting, and there had been no news-paper sensation for a week, and as a nat-

ural consequence the papers came out next morning with accounts of the rescue, vary-

ng from two columns to a page in length But let the frillings in this case be fact o

fiction, there was no doubt that Kettle and nis crew had saved a ship load of panic-stricken foreign emigrants. The pride of race bubbled through the British daily

press in prosaic long primer and double leaded bourgeois. There was no saying aloud, "We rejoice that an Englishman has done this thing, after having it proved

rhapsodize. But the sentiment was there

flushing.

## THE FIRE AND THE FARM.

The Last Recorded Adventure of Capt. Kettle. WEITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

(Copyright, 1809, by Cutcliffe Hyne.)

tle's eyes snapped open from deep sleep to complete wakefulness "There's some sort of vessel on fire, sir,

to loo'ard, about five miles off." The shipmaster glanced up at the telltale compass above his head, "Officer of the watch has changed the course, I see.

We're heading for it, ch?" "Yes, sir. The second mate told me to

"Quite right. Pass the word for the carpenter and tell him to get port and starboard lifeboats ready for lowering in case they're wanted. I'll be on the bridge in a "Ave. ave. sir." said the quartermaster.

and withdrew into the darkness outside. Kettle soon emerged attired in high rubber thigh boots and leather bound black oilskins.

drizzle of rain, and a heavy breeze snored through the Flamingo's scanty rigging. The first mate and the third had already turned out, and were on the boatskids helping the carpenter. On that part of the horizon against which the Flamingo's bows sawed with great swooping dives was a streaky, flickering yellow glow. Kettle went on to an end of the bridge and peered ahead through the bridge binoc-

ulars. "A steamer," he commented, "and a big one, too, and she's finely ablaze. Not much help we shall be able to give. It will be a case of taking off the crew, if they aren't already cooked before we get there." He looked over the side at the eddy of water that clung to the ship's flank. see you're shoving her along," he said to the second mats.

"I sent word down to the engine room to give her all they knew the moment we raised the glow. I thought you wouldn't grudge the coal, sir."

"No; quite right. Hope there aren't too many of them to be picked off, or we shall make a tight fit on board here."

"Funny we should be carrying the big-gest cargo the old boat ever had packed into her. They won't mind much where they stow as long as they're picked up out of the wet. Ber-rh!" shivered the second mate: "I shouldn't much fancy open-boat cruising in the Western ocean this weather."

In the Western ocean this weather."

Capt. Kettle stared on through the shiny brass binoculars. "Call all hands," he said quietly. "That's a big ship ahead of us. God send she's only an old tramp. At those lifeboars, there!" he shouted. "Swing the daylis outboard, and pass your painters forward. Humn yourselves now." forward. Hump yourselves, now."
"There's a lot of ice here, sir," came a
grumbling voice out of the darkness, "and
the boats are frozen on to the chocks.

We've got to hammer it away before they'll hoist—"
"You call yourself a mate and hold a

master's ticket, and want to get a ship of your own"—Kettle vaulted over the rail on to the top of the fiddley, and made for his second in command—"Here, my man, if your delicate fingers can't do this bit of a job, give me that marlinspike. By James! Do you hear me? Give up the marlinspike. Did you never see a boat iced up before? Now then, carpenter. Are you worth your salt? Or am I to clear both ends in this boat by myself?"

So, by example and tongue, Capt. Kettle got his boats swung outboard, and the Flamingo, with her engines working at an unusual strain, surged rapidly nearer and nearer to the blaze.

Wind, cold and breakdowns of machinery the sailor accepts with dull indifference; shipwrecks, strandings and disease he looks forward to as part of an inevitable fate.
but fire goes nearer to cowing him than all
going to serve out free hospitalitother disasters put together, and arouses in him the warmest sympathy and the full

f his resourcefulness. But meanwhile as the Flamingo made her way up-wind against the changing seas a fear was beginning to grip the little ship-master that was deep enough to cause him a physical nausea. The burning steamer was on fire forward, and she lay almost head-on toward them, keeping her stern to the seas so that the wind could have no the seas, so that the wind could have no help in driving the flames aft. As her size became more apparent some one guessed her as a big cargo tramp from New Orleans, with cotton that had overheated and fired, and Kettle took comfort from the suggestion and tried to believe that it might

But as they closed with her, and came within earshot of her syren, which was sending frightened, useless blares across the churning waters, there was no being blind to the true facts any longer. This was no cargo boat, but a passenger liner, outward bound, too, and populous. And as they came still nearer they saw her after-decks black and wriggling with people, and Kettle got a glimpse of her structure and recognized the vessel herself. "The Crosser Carl," he muttered, "out of of her structure and

Hamburg for New York. Next to first-class, and she cuts rates for third and gets the bulk of the German emigrant traffic. She'll have 600 on her this minute, and 100 of a crew. And there's hell waiting for of a crew. And there's hell waiting for them over yonder, and getting worse every inute. O, great James. I wonder what's sing to be done. I couldn't pack seventy them on the old Flam here if I filled her

clapped the binoculars to his eyes again and stared diligently round the rim of the night. If only he could catch a glimpse of some other liner hurrying along her route, then these people could be saved eastly. He could drop his hoats to take them till the other passenger ship came up. But the Flamingo and the Crosser Carl had the stage severely to themselves, and be-tween them they had the making of an in-

to cable weight of destiny.

The second mate broke in upon his commander's broading: "Shall I be getting derricks rigged and the hatch covers off?"

Kettle turned on him with a sudden flerceness. "Do you know you're asking me to ruin myself?"

But if we lettison cargo to make room these poor beggars, sir, the insurance will pay.

"You've got a lot to learn, my lad, before you're fit to take charge of a ship if you don't know any more than that about the responsibility for cargo. By jove, that's awkward. Birds would

look pretty blue if the bill was handed in "Birds!" said Kettle, with contempt. "They're aren't liable for sixpence. Supposing you were traveling by train, and here was somebody else's portmanteau in

the carriage, and you flung it out of the window into a river, who do you suppose would have to stand the racket 'Why,' me. But then, sir, this is differ

Not a bit. If we start in to jettison cargo

it means I'm a ruined man."
"We can't leave these poor devils," said the second mate, awkwardly.

"Oh, no, of course we can't. They're an unclean pack; we should think ourselves too good to brush against them if we met them in the street, but sentiment demands that we stay and pull them out of their mess, and cold necessity leaves me to foot the bill. You're young and not married my lad. I'm neither. I've worked like a horse all my life, mostly with bad luck, and only lately luck's turned a bit."

"Perhaps somebody else will pay for the targo we have to put over the side. sir." "It's pretty thin comfort when you've got a perhaps of that size, and no mortal other stop between you and the workhouse. It's all very well doing these things in hot blood, but the reckoning's paid when you're cold, and they're cold, and with the board of trade standing by like the devil in the background all ready to give you a kick when there's a spare place for a fresh foot." He slammed down the bandle of the bridge telegraph and rang off the Flamingo's engines. He had been measuring distances engines. He had been measuring distances all this time with his eye. "But, of course there's the blessed cause of humanity to be looked after-humanity to these blessed emigrants, that their own country doesn't want and every other country would rather be without. Humanity to my poor old miss and the kids doesn't count. I shall get a sludgy paragraph in the papers for the ond mate, "it would serve you blooming

The quarimnster knocked smartly and | Crosser Carl, headed 'Gallant Rescue,' with came into the chart house, and Capt. Ket-like over sharped over from deep sleep to

anything I can do, sir—"
Capt. Kettle sighed and looked drearily

of authority and order, and then the real work began. Like cattle the emigrants were herded and handled, and their women and young cut out from the general mob. These last were got into the swaying, dancing boats as tenderly as might be, and the men were bidden to wait their turn. When they grew restive, as the searching fire drew more near, they were beaten savagely. Meanwhile the two lifeboats took one risky journey after another, being drawn up to their own ship by a chattering winch, and then laboring back under oars for another. The light of the burning steamer turned a great sphere of night into day, and the heat from her made the sweat pour months later there'il be another paragraph about a 'case of pitiful destitution.' 'Birds see me through?' Birds sent me to work up a connection in the Mexican gulf, and I've done it, after four years' service. I lettison the customers' cargo. Customers will get mad and give their business to other lines which don't run foul of blazing of the constant of the consta "Tm awfully sorry, skipper. If there's nything I can do, sir—" to overflowing. The emigrants—Austrians, Capt. Kettle sighed and looked drearily Bohemians, wild Poles, filthy, crawling out at the blazing ship. But he felt that Russian Jews, bestial Armenians, human

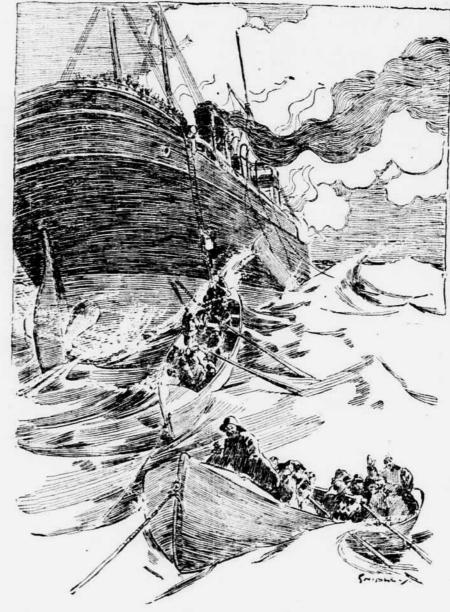
However, we'll see if kindness can't tame you a bit yet." He waited till the swirl of a sea swung his boat under one of the dan-

gling davit falls, caught it and climbed nimbly on board. Then he proceeded to clear a space by crashing his fist into every

face within reach.
"Now, then," he shouted, "if there are any saliormen here worth their salt, let them come and help. Am I to break up the

whole of this ship's company by myself?"
Gradually by ones and twos the Grosser
Carl's remaining officers and deckhands
came shamefacedly toward this new nucleus

of authority and order, and then the real



"LIGHT OF THE BURNING STEAMER TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY."

he had been showing weakness, and pulled himself together again smartly. "Yes, there is, my lad. I'm a disappointed man, and I've been talking a lot more than's dignified. You'll do me a real kindness if you'll forget all that's been said. Away with you on to the main deck, and get the hatches off, and whip the top tier of that cargo over the side as fast as you can make the winches travel. If the old Flamingo is going to serve out free hospitality, by there is debris which even soldier-coveting middle Europe rejected—these were herded down into the holds, as rich cargo was dug out and given to the thankless sea to make space for them.

"Kindly walk up," said Kettle, with bitter hospital, as fresh flocks of them were heaved up over the bulwarks. "We're most pleased to strike out cargo to provide you with an elegant parlor, and what's left I'm sure you'll be able to sit on and spoil. going to serve out free hospitality, by James, she shall do it full weight. I'd give the beggars champagne and spring mat tresses if  $\Gamma d$  got 'em."

Meanwhile those on the German emigrant ttle English trader with bumping hearts Fill then the crew had fought the fire with digence, but when the nearness of a po-ential rescuer was reported they discov red that the fire was beyond control, and hade at once for the boats, overpowering assengers and officers who happened to ome between them and their desires. Away screamed out the davit tackles, as the boats were lowered full of madly frightened deck ands and grimy handlers of coal. Panic had sapped every trace of their manhood. They had concern only for their own skins. One boat, chiefly manned by the coal interest, swamped alongside before it could be shoved clear; the forward davit fall of another jammed, and let it dangle verti-cally up and down when the after fall over-

auled, and only one boat got away clear. The reception which this small cargo of worthies met with surprised them. The pulled with terrified haste to the Flamingo got under her lee, and clung desperately to the line which was thrown to them. But the rail above them came the man who ex-pected to be ruined by this night's work. Capt. Kette, being human, had greatly needed some one during the last half hour to ease his feelings on, and the boat came neatly to supply his want. It was long enough since he had found occasion for such an outburst. Every biting insult in his vocabulary, every lashing word that is used upon the seas, every gibe, national, personal or professional, that a lifetime of hard language could teach, he poured on that shivering boat's crew then. HE d, of course, many a time sailed with orecastle filled with Germans, and had equired the special art of adapting his buse to the "Dutchman's" sensibilities.

back whence they came and take a share n rescuing their fellows. "But we shall drown!" shouted back one peaker from the wildly jumping boat. "Then drown and be hanged to you," houted Kettle. "I'm not going to have owards like you dirtying my deck planks." He east off the line to which their boat rode. "You go and do your whack at get-ting the people off that packet or none of

you shall ever see your happy Dutchland

And, as a wind-up, after having made them writhe sufficiently, he ordered them to go

Meanwhile, so the irony of the fates ordered it, the two mates, each in charge of one of the Flamingo's lifeboats, were commanding crews made up entirely of Germans and Scandinavians, and pluckler and more careful sailormen could not have been wished for. A heavy sea ran, and from its rests a spindrift blew which cut the faike whips and numbed with its chill. cats were tossed about like playthings and required constant baling. But Kettle had brought the Flamingo to windward of the Grosser Carl, and each boat carried a line, so that the steam winches could help

her with the return trips.

Getting a cargo was, however, the chief difficulty. All vestige of order was swamp-ed in unutterable panic. If a boat had been brought alongside, they would have tum-bled into her like sheep, till their numbers swamped her. They cursed the flames, cursed the sea, cursed their own brothers and sisters who jostled them. They were the sweepings from half-fed middle Europe, swamped her. orn with raw nerves, and under the sud en stress of danger, and in the absence of some strong man to thrust discipline on nem, they became practically maniacs. Now, the Flamingo's boats were officered

y two cool, profane mates, who had no erves themselves, and did not see the use nerves in other people. Neither of them spoke German, but presuming that some of those who listened would understand Eng-lish they made proclamation in their own tongue to the effect that the women were o be taken off first.

"And if any of you rats of men shove our way down here," said the chief mate, before all the skirts is ferried across, you'll just get knocked on the head, that's all. Now, then, get some bow lines and sway out the ladies."

As well might the order have been ad-

dressed to a flock of sheep. Then each poor soul there stretched out his arms or hers, and clamored to be saved—and—never mind the rest. And meanwhile the flam bit deeper and deeper into the fabric

steamer, and the breath of them grew more searching.
"You ruddy Dutchman," shouted the sec-

I'm sure you'll be able to sit on and spoil.
Oh you filthy, long-naired cattle! Did Oh, you filthy, long-haired cattle!

Fiercely the Grosser Carl burned to the fanning of the gale, and like furies worked men in the boats. The Grosser Cari's boat joined the other two, once the ring was well under way. She had ferrying was well under way. She had hung alongside after Kettle cast off her line, with her people madly clamoring to be taken on board, but as all they re-ceived for their pains was abuse and coal mps, they were presently driven to helt in the saving work through sheer scare at being left behind to drown.

The Flamingo's chief mate oversaw the dangerous ferrying, and, though every soul that was transshipped might be said to had ten narrow escapes in tran over that piece of tossing water, luck and good seamanship carried the day, and none were lost. And on the Grosser Carl the second mate, a stronger man, brazenly took entire command. "I don't care a red what your official post was on this ship before I your officers post was on this ship of the came," said the second mate to several indignant officers. "You should have held on to it when you had it. I'm skipper here on to it when you had it. I'm skipper here now by sheer right of conquest, and I'm going to stay on at that till the blooming old ship's burned out. Turn to there and pass another batch of those passengers into the boats. Bon't you spill any of them overboard, either, or, by the Big Mischel I'll just stan down and teach you chief, I'll just step down and teach you

handiness."
The second mate was almost fainting with the heat before he left the Grosser Carl, but he insisted on being the last man on oard, and then guyed the whole perform ance with caustic galety when he was drag-ged out of the water into which he had been forced to jump, and was set to drain on the floor gratings of a boat.

The Grosser Carl had fallen away before

the wind, and was spouting flame from sternhead to poopstaff by the time the last rescuers and the rescued were put on the Flamingo's deck, and on that trave worn steamboat were some 650 visitors that somehow or other had to be provided for They were still five days' steam away from port, and their official provision supply was only calculated to last the Flamingos themselves for a little over that time. So there was no sentimental waiting to see the Gresser Carl finally burn out and sink. The boats were cast adrift, as the crews were too exhausted to hoist them in, and the Flamingo's nose was turned toward Liverpool. Pratt, the chief engineer, figured out to half a ton what coal he had remaining, and set the pace so as to run in with empty bunkers. They were cold now, all hands, and the prospect of semi-starvation made them regard their visitors less than ever in the light of men and brothers.

But, as it chanced, toward the evening of next day, a hurrying ocean greyhound overtook them in her race from New York toward the east, and the bunting talked out loud sentences in the commercial code from the wire span between the Flamingo's masts. When the liner drew up alongside, and stopped with reversed propellers, she had a loaded boat ready swung out in davits, which dropped in the water the mo-ment she had lost her way. The bunting

had told the pith of the tale. When the two steamers' bridges were level, the liner's captain touched his cap, and a crowd of well-dressed passengers be low him listened wonderingly.

Afternoon, captain. Got 'em all?" "'Afternoon, captain. Oh, we didn't lose But a few drowned their silly selves before we started to shepherd them." "What ship was it?" "The old Grosser Carl. She was astern

of her time. Much obliged to you for the grub, captain. We'd have been pretty hard pushed if we hadn't met you. I'm sending you a payment order."

The cases of food were transshipped with

frantic haste, and the boat returned. The greyhound leaped out into her stride again the moment she had hooked on, and shot ahead. The voyage home was not one of oppres-

sive galety. The first-class passengers, who were cramined into the narrow cabin, found the quarters uncomfortable and the little shipmaster's manner repellant. The riffraff in the hold plotted mischief among themselves, stole when the opportunity came to them, and when they gave the matter any consideration at all decided that this fierce little captain with the red torpedo beard had taken them on board merely to fulfill some selfish purpose of his The Flamingo picked up the landmarks

he swore at them they only wept the more and smiled through the drops. It was magnificent, splendid, gorgeous. Here was a man! Who said that England would never lose her proud place among the nations when she could still find men like Oliver Welly or Wettle. Kelly-or Kettle-or Cuttle, or whatever this man was called, among her obscure

merchant captains?

Even Mr. Isaac Bird caught some of the general enthusiasm, and withheld for the present the unpleasant remarks which oc curred to him as suitable touching Kettle's neglect of the firm's interest in favor of a parcel of bankrupt foreigners. But Kettle himself had the subject well in mind, and whilst the crowd was cheering him he was figuring out the value of the jettisoned cargo, and while pompous Mr. Isaac was shaking him by the hand and making a neat speech for the ear of casual reporters, poor Kettle was conjuring up visions of the workhause and nauver cardiage.

workhouse and pauper corduroy.

But the fates were moving now in a manner which was beyond his experience. The public, which had ignored his bare existence before for all of a lifetime, suddenly dis-covered that he was a hero, and that, too, without knowing half the facts. The press, with its finger on the public pulse, pub-lished Kettle's literature in lavish columns. It gave twenty different "eye-witnesses' ac-counts" of the rescue. And finally it took all the little man's affairs under its eration, and settled them with a lordly "Who pays for the cargo Capt. Kuttle

threw overboard?" one paper headed an ar-ticle, while another wrote fervidly about "Cattle ruined for his bravery." Here was a new and striking side issue. Should the week's hero pay the bill himself out of his miserable savings?" Certainly not. The owners of the Grosser Carl were the benefiting parties, and it was only just that they should take up the expense. So the entire press wired off to the German firm, and next morning were able to publish a positive as surance that of course these grateful for rigners would reimburse all possible outlay. The subject of finance once broached, i

naturally discovered that the here toiled for a very meager plttance; that he was getting on in years, and had a wife and family depending on him—and—promptly there opened out the subscription lists. People were stirred, and the lists totaled up to \$2,400, which to some people, of course, is

gilded affluence. Now, Capt. Kettle had endured all this publicity with a good deal of restiveness and had used language to one or two interviewers who managed to ferret him ou which fairly startled them; but this last move for a public subscription made him

furious. "If they call a meeting to give me any thing," said he, "I'll chuck the money in their faces, and let them know straight

what I think. By James, do they suppose I've got no pride? Why can't they let me alone? If the Crosser Carl people pay up for that cargo that's all I want."

But the eternal healer, time, soothed matters down wonderfully. By the time the subscription list had closed and been he subscription list had brought together, the Flamingo had salled for the Mexican gulf, and when her cap-tain returned to find a curt, formal letter, from a firm of bankers, stating that £2,400 had been placed to his credit in their es-tablishment, he would have been more than human if he had refused it. And, as a point of fact, after consulting with mad-am, his wife, he transformed it into louses in that terrace of narrow dwellings n Birkenhead which represented the rest is savings.

This house property was alleged by nguine agent to produce at the rate 115 per annum apiece, and there were thir-ty-six houses. The "trade connection" in the Mexican gulf had been very seriously lamaged. As was somewhat natural, th commercial gentry preferred to send what hey had by boats which did not contrive o meet burning emigrant liners. And the e second part of the prophecy evolved naturally. Messrs. Bird relieved Kettle from the command, handed im their check for wages due—there was o commission to be added for such an unsatisfactory voyage as this last—and pre-sented him their best wishes for his future

welfare. Kettle had thought of telling the truth n print. But the mysterious law of libel, which it is written that all mariners should read and never understand, prevented. So e just went and gave his views to Mr saac Bird personally and privately, threw he ink bottle through the office window. pitched the box of business cigars into the fire, and generally pointed his remarks in a way that went straight to Mr. Bird's heart, and then prepared peacefully to take

"I shall not prosecute you for this," said Mr. Isaac. "I wish you dare. It would suit me finely to get into a police court and be able to talk. I'd willingly pay my 'forty shil-

to talk. I'd willingly pay my lorty sinings and for the chance. They'd give me the option fast enough."

"I say I shall not prosecute you, because I have no time to bother with law. But I shall send your name round among ship-awares and with my word against you wners, and with my word against you you'll never get another command so long as the world stands." "You knock-kneed little Jew!" said Ket-

tle truculently, "do you think I'm giving myself the luxury of letting out at a shipowner, after knuckling down to the breed through all of a weary life, unless I knew my ground? I've done with ships and the sea for always. I've taken a farm in Wharfdale, and I'm going to it this very week."

"Then," said Mr. Isaac, sardonically, you've taken a farm, don't let me wish you any further ill. Good morning." But Kettle was not to be damped out of conceit with his life's desire by a few ill-natured words. He gave Mr. Isaac Bird his final plessing, commenting on his ancestors, his personal appearance, his prospects of final education. inal salvation, and then pleasantly took his eave.

The farm he had rented lay in the Wharfe valley above Skipton, and he hired a capa-ble foreman as philosopher and guide. And here I may say that his hobby by no means ruined him, as might reasonably be ex-pected. But though it is harl to confess that a man's ideal comes short of his expectations when put to the trial, I am free to confess that although he enjoyed it all, attending crops or his sheep, or haggling with his fellow farmers over fat beasts in Skipton market, he had gone back to one of his more practiced tastes-if one call it a aste-the cultivation of religion. The farm stood bleak and lonely on the

slope of a hillside, and on both flanks of the dale were other lonely farms as far as the eye could see. There was no village. The nearest place of worship was four miles away. But in the valley was a small

well right if you were left to be frizzled. of the southern Irish coast, and made her gray stone chapel. Kettle got this into his rumber to Lloyd's station on Brow Head, stood across for the Tuskar and so on up St. George's channel for Holyhead. She

He was by no means a rich man. row of houses in Birkenhead were for the most part tenanted by the wives of mer-cantile marine engineers and officers, who were chronically laggard with their rent, and whom esprit de corps forbade him to press; and so what with this deficit and repairs and taxes, and one thing and another, it was rarely that half his projected £500 a year found its way into his banking ac-count. But a tithe of whatever accrued to him was scrupulously set aside for the

maintenance of the chapel. He imported there the grim, narrow creed he had learned in South Shields, and threw open the door for congregations. He was entirely in earnest over it all, and vastly serious. Failing another minister, he himself took the services, and though on oc casions some other brother was induced to preach, it was he himself who usually mounted the pulpit beneath the sounding board. He purchased an American organ, and sent his eldest daughter in weekly to take lessons in Skipton till she could play it. And Mrs. Kettle herself led the singing.

Still further, the chapel has its own collection of hymns, specially written, printed and dedicated to its service. The book is Capt. Kettle's first published effort. Heaven and its author alone know under what wild circumstances most of those hymns were written.

The chapel started its new span of life with a congregation that was meager enough, but Sunday by Sunday the number grew. Some came once and were not seen again. Others came and returned. They felt that this was the lonliest of all modern creeds; indeed, Kettle preached as much; and one can take a melancholy pride in splendid isolation.

I am not sure that Captain Kettle does

not find the restfulness of his present life a trifle too accentuated at times, though this is only inevitable for one who has been so much a man of action. But he never makes complaint. He is a strong man, and he governs himself, even as he governs his family and the chapel circle, with a strong, just hand. The farm is a model of neatness and order; paint is lavished in a way that makes dalesmen lift their eyebrows; and the routine of the household is as strict as that of a ship.

The house is unique, too, in Wharfedale

to us that it was above the foreigner's strength." The newspaper man does not for the variety of its contents. Desperately poor though Kettle might be, on many of all the same.

The Flamingo was worked into dock, and his returns from his unsuccessful ventures, he never came back to his wife without a cheering crowd surged aboard of her in unrestrainable thousards. Strangers came up and wrung Kettle's unwilling hand and some present from a foreign clime as a tangible proof of his remembrance. But one might turn the house upside down without dropped tears on his coat sleeve; and when finding so carnal an instrument as a re-volver, and when I suggested to Kettle once that we might go outside and have a little pistol practice, he glared at me, and I thought he would have sworn. He let me know, stiffly enough, that whatever circumstances might have made him at sea, he had always been a very different man ashore in England, and there the matter dropped.

But, speaking of mementos, there is one

link with the past that Mrs. Kettle, poor lady, never ceases to regret the loss of. "Such a beautiful gold watch," she says it was, too, "with the emperor's and the cap-tain's names engraved together on the back, and just a nice mention of the Grosser Carl." As it happened, I saw the letter with which it was returned. Kettle had returned it, refusing to accept a present from one he had talked about,

#### UNOFFICIAL QUALIFICATIONS.

Some Things to Be Considered Before Fighting in the Philippines. From the Kansas City Star.

A series of qualifications for service in the Philippines which are not required in the questions asked by the regular army recruiting officer were suggested in a letter received from a member of Company B of the 20th Kansas Volunteers. The letter was received by the writer's brother, who is a man of considerable diameter, and a part of it referred to a proposition he and a friend, also of large girth, had made, to go over and enter the service when the troops got down to actual fight-

It began: "Are you ready to come over? I would like to see you and Buff 'hot-footing it to the rear. I will ask you so questions, and when you send in your answers I'll see if you are qualified:
"How many steps can you make 1,000

"The Filipinos can do it in about 100."
"Can you get out of sight behind a pile of dirt a foot high?"

"Can you lie awake four nights straight istening to the bullets and then fight in the daytime?" "That's common."
"Can you wade in mud up to your waist

with the bullets splashing it on you and not get stuck?" "Our sergeant couldn't, and we nearly pulled him in two getting him out."
"Can you lie in the sun till you blister

your back and then rest yourself by turnng over and blistering the other side "The 20th Kansas can."
"Can you live on hardtack and three cups

of coffee a day?"
"We've done it already."
"Can you sleep in the mud and nearly freeze from the dew without catching

"It's easy if you can take quinine without "Can you drink from a well after seeing three dead Filipinos fished out?" "It isn't bad."

#### Dangers of a Little Learning. From Pearson's Weekly.

Teacher-"Why, Freddy, how did you ge those black and blue welts on your arm? Scholar-"Them's your fault, teacher." Teacher-"My fault? What do you mean? Scholar (sobbing reminiscently)-"Why, you told me it was a poor rule that didn' work both ways. So when I went home I work both ways. So when I went nome I took pa's new two-foot rule that doubles up on a hinge, and bent it back till it worked both ways, and then pa said I'd broken the joints, and he went and got his razor strop.

Mother-"I don't like the looks of that ooy I saw you playing with on the street oday. You musn't play with bad little oys, you know!" "Oh! he ain't a bad little boy, mam

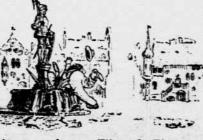
ma. He's a good little boy! He's been to the reform school two times, and they've let him out each time on account of good behavior!"-Puck. "That hateful Chollie Smart announced

was going to tell us a lot of jokes he had picked up at these horrid burlesque "Goodness! Were they shocking?"
"Not a bit; the hateful wretch!"—Indian-

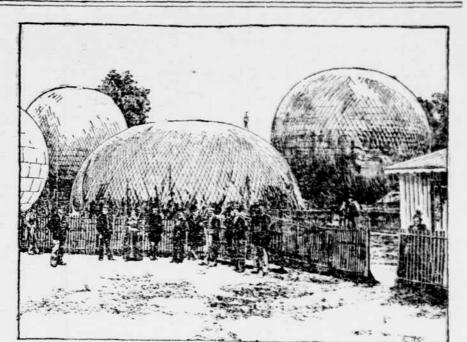
apolis Journal.







his opera glasses.-Fliegende Blatter.



BALLOONS BELONGING TO THE AERO CLUB OF PARIS,

### NEW FAD IN PARIS

Great Interest is Taken in the Subject of Eallooning.

### THE AERO CLUB AND ITS OBJECTS

Outgrowth of the Craze for Automobile Racing.

#### DANGEROUS AND EXPENSIVE

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. PARIS, May 22, 1899. One of the liveliest features of the Automobile Club de France is the weekly automobile betting luncheon, the more so as

ious financial standby of all Parisian circles -plays no part. So the betting luncheons were received with joy by all who found it means of it the gas in the flaceld balloon hard to do without the daily "flutter," while the more devoted automobilists were no less pleased to find a spur to worthy emulation. The fact that the new Parisian balloon club, cailed the Aero, is the child of these sporting automobilists does not at all detract from the piquancy of the wagers.

A sample bet of twenty covers (lunches) was between MM. Noel and Hury, M. Hury pretending to be able to guess within 5 per pretending to be able to guess within 5 per cent the speed of M. Noel's new petroleum break, on condition that M. Hury be allowed to choose his own moments for such guessing. Another was concluded between M. Krieger and the Count de Chasseloup. M. Krieger and the Count de Chasseloup-Loubat, twelve covers. The effort of each was to go as far as possible in a four-seated electric automobile, each competitor to use the same type of accumulator and the same batteries, the accumulators weighing equally 453 kilos; the minimum average speed to be fifteen kilometers an hour.

M. Santos-Dumont bets M. Kreiger that before July 1, 1899, he will come to lunch on the roof garden of the Automobile Club in his cigar-shaped navigating balloon. A bet is recorded for ten lunches between MM. Santos-Dumont and Pierre Laffite, the latter wagering that Santos-Dumont will not win the above bet in the course of the present year.

### A Man of Nerve.

"I can."
"Can you sit in the shade and sweat to steer his airship over the chimney pots of Paris and land on the roof garden of the Automobile Club he will find himself the celebrity of the hour. A gilded youth from Brazil, only now twenty-six years of age. the brother of bankers and the son of Dumont, the great coffee planter lately described by your correspondent, Frank G. Carpenter, Santos-Dumont figures worthily n modern Paris life. The Aero Club counts any courageous members, but Santos alone was willing to demonstrate three-horsepower petroleum automobile mo tor could be operated under a closed balloon without danger of a conflagration. The point is now admitted, but it took more

than ordinary nerve to make it.

The roof garden of the Automobile Club
is in itself a curiosity for Paris, the first and only one existing at the moment. Established, as it is, beside the Cercle de la Rue Royale in the old Hotel Crillon which the Royale in the old Hotel Crillon, which contributes its architectural grandeur to the Place de la Concorde, no club house in the world has a more imposing situation. From the roof garden, which is scarcely completed, the members have a view of the whole southwestern panorama of Paris, with the River Seine and its bridges curving through a mass of verdues and the ing through a mass of verdure, and the famed Champs Elysees. Below, in the place they may muse on the terrible executions of the French revolution. Along the ave-tue of the Champs Elysees and under the Arc de Triomphe they may imagine the victorious armies of the great Napoleon. And far off, along the line of the horizon, towers the fort of Mont Valerien, untouched by the Prussians. Through these prom-enades the wealth and fashion of all Paris take their airing.

### Interest in Ballooning.

The Aero Club, an outgrowth of the Auto nobile Club, and in reality a part of it, is to mere posing association of rich young nen desirous to achieve heroic reputations. The present interest in ballooning, a consequence of the new danger-spiced zest for reckless automobile road racing, is real and unaffected. The Aero Club admits to its membership balloon manufacturers and pro-fessional aeronauts, and its weekly meet-ings for debate and lectures are always fully attended. The most practical step taken by the club so far is the erection of the sheds in the Plaine de la Bagatelle, where there will be kent always inflated where there will be kept, always inflated and ready for an immediate start, three of the Aero Club's own balloons. Here a member has installed the finest gas generating machine in Europe. Until the sheds are completed the amateur balloonists of Paris remain at the mercy of the disobliging directorate of the zoological garden, willing to take high prices for services grudgingly rendered. The gas plant serves the zoo's own captive balloons—a catchpenny enter-prise, to which the public has not taken enormously, and in its treatment of all outside clients the workings of a French mo-nopoly are beautifully illustrated. The other day I went out with a member

of the Aero Club; nerved up to take a dash into the blue vault of heaven. They had premised to begin filling his balloon by 9 a.m. When we arrived at 10 a.m. of a bright, cloudless day the bailoon lay sprawling on its canvas, limp and lifeless.
"Why don't you fill it up?"

"There is no gas." "But why is there no gas?"
"There is no water." "And why is there no water." They are watering the flower beds. "Come with me to the director instantly."
"The director has gone to Paris."
"Where is the man who turns on the

"He has gone to Paris, too." "We will get the key from his wife."
"He took it with him."
"Is there nothing to do, grand Dieu?"
"We can wait till they are through water-

ing the flowers."

#### An Expensive Sport. By the time they finished watering th

flowers it was time for lunch. The men must have an hour for lunch. By 1 p.m. they got the water on, and it was then found that the sulphuric acid pump was clogged. With three French artisans fumoling about it, the Aero Club amateur had bling about it, the Aero Club amateur had to clean out that pump with his own hands. By 3 p.m. the gas began to generate from the Iron filings. It took four hours to fill up the balloon. My friend was desperate. The college by mer represented all as well go on," he said, "but now we won't get off till 6 p.m." At 5:30 p.m. a fine storm blew up, and there was no ballooning. And in its success.

to think that that gas cost \$60. Amateur ballooning is a most expensive sport.

When the Aero Club enters into possession of its own grounds, sheds and generator, by June 15, there will be less vexation tor, by June 15, there will be less vexation coupled with its members' excursions. Its great balloon race, about which there has been so much said and written, is put down for June 18, when fifteen big balloons will start at the signal from the Plaine de la. Bagatelle. Unlike other races, not speed, but distance, will determine the winner. The winner will be he who stays up longest. Apart from the airship of Santos Dumont, the experiments of the Count De Lavaux and M. Emanuel Alme, the savant of theoretical ballooning, are expected to attract retical ballooning, are expected to attract the most attention in this novel race. M. De Lavaux has been for a long time work-

### ling out the fascinating question of balloon equilibrium. His present project consists of one great balloon and four satellites to reinforce it as it loses gas. The thermoscope of M. Emanuel Aime is known, but this is to be its first trial on a large scale. Will It Work! As is well known, ordinary balloons must

be open at the bottom to permit the expending gas, as the balloon rises into rarer air, to escape instead of exploding the vessel. After the balloon has gone up a certain distance it has thus lost a certain amount of gas. Then it goes down again, gambling was forbidden from the first in having lost part of its lifting power. Balthis most magnificent and modern of all last is thrown out, and it rises again. It Parisian club houses, where the cagnotte, or "kitty," of the baccarat table—that prec-The thermosphere, to master this unstable may be heated at once—expanded—and also reinforced by the steam's volume. Up goes the partially exhausted balloon into a rarer atmosphere of less pressure without the ex-pense of precious ballast. In this rarer atnse of precious ballast. In this rarer at-osphere the gas expands as usual; but with the thermosphere it does not need to escape or explode, because the steam mixed with the gas has been condensing into drops of water all along the inside edge of the balloon, to be conducted by a drain pipe to the water reservoir and reheated. When

#### Something Quite New.

All the members of the Aero Club and Automobile Club are looking forward to this date, which is to mark a real inauguration of an entirely new sport. Undoubtedly the mind of the great public is most interested in the Santos-Dumont airship. Its photographs are femiliar to the readers of the illustrated weeklies and monthlies, and the illustrated weekles and monthlies, and the novel bet of the roof garden landing has just that touch of the picturesque capa-ble of affecting the crowd. To the average Parisian a roof garden conveys no intelli-gence. His mind pictures to him only the Parisian roof, nine stories in the air, a hor-rid danger snot from which burglars sheeed rid danger spot from which burglars chased by the police fall periodically to be mangled in the abyss, as described with graphic illustrations in the weekly literary supplement of the Petit Journal.

No photograph has yet been taken of the garden, which is not completed. But the slippery slopes, the dangerous chimney pots silppery stopes, the dangerous culminey polis and spiked fron fences of the neighboring houses speak for themselves. In reality the landing on a broad, flat roof garden is not the most delicate part of Santos-Dumont's problem. "Let me get to the Place de la Concorde," I heard him say recently, "and I will land all right, even if I have to be

#### pulled to it with ropes." Where the Dangers Lie.

The real danger of this attempt, which, after all, cannot be called foothardy, since the machine many times has been proved practicable. Hes in all sorts of mere functional accidents. When such accidents happen to a bicycle or an automobile, you simply wait for repairs. Up in the air, unhappily, there is no waiting for repairs, happily, there is no waiting for repairs. The cigar-shaped balloon, losing gas, loses its rigid form and doubles up, as it did in Dumont's accident, described last January. In that case his air pump, which was to keep the balloon taut, refused to work. Of course, he ought to have looked to his air pump before mounting, but one cannot think of everything. The petroleum motor which works the propeller of the airship

think of everything. The petroleum motor which works the propeller of the airship always may explode, although this is not at all likely. Or the balloon may show a leak. Of course it should not.

The Santos-Dumont airship has been so often described that it is only necessary to call to mind here that it is a closed balloon, cigar shaped, pushed through the air as a steamship is pushed through the as a steamship is pushed through the water by a stern propeller attached to the basket underneath it.

### Obstacles in the Way.

Now, the dilemma of a c'osed clgarshaped balloon is either that it will be too full of gas and will explode in a rarer atmosphere, or that it will not be full enough of gas and lose its rigidity. Pumping air into the too-flaccid cigar ought to do away with this latter danger. M. Dumont believes a hickory rod will hold it rigid. He is anxious to find a wood at once light and tough enough to serve. Bamboo will not do. Meanwhile he is booked, successfully or unsuccessfully, to startle Paris before July 1. Those who have seen him navigating his airship over the meadows of the Bois de Boulogne, as he goes prac-ticing in these days, think he will be suc-cessful.

Meanwhile the automobilists and Aero Meanwhile the automobilists and Aero Club members jest of many another exploit to be performed by them in the no distant future. A flying machine on which its inventor and the French government have been spending money for the past fifteen years has just collapsed. Never was more beautiful mechanical work seen. Shaped like a bat, it was made so perfectly that it could fold its wings up tight like a real bat. "But why should it need to fold its wings?" Inquired the Count de Le Valette. "So that it can be transported Le Valette. "So that it can be transported easily," was the answer. "For my part," replied the count, "I would prefer a flying machine that could transport itself." Then

# everybody went to lunch. STERLING HEILIG.

Women Ran Everything. From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Sloux City street railways, the soda water industry, most of the restaurants and the opera house were run by the society won en today in the interest of Morningside Methodist Episcopal College. The institution has long been in need of

tions, but President Lewis refused to plunge it in debt even for this purpose. After the business men thought they had exhausted every means in their power of soliciting funds the women took the matter up. A veek has been devoted to the task of securing subscriptions, and for the day the street car lines and opera house and soda water and restaurant men placed their plants at the women's disposah Everything over actual operating ex-

new buildings and increased accommoda-

penses went to the women. The latter were not too particular in making change, and several thousand dollars were realized. In all about \$40,000 will be turned over to the college by men and women. The workers represented all denominations, as the college is regarded as a benefit to the city, and the various churches are equally interested